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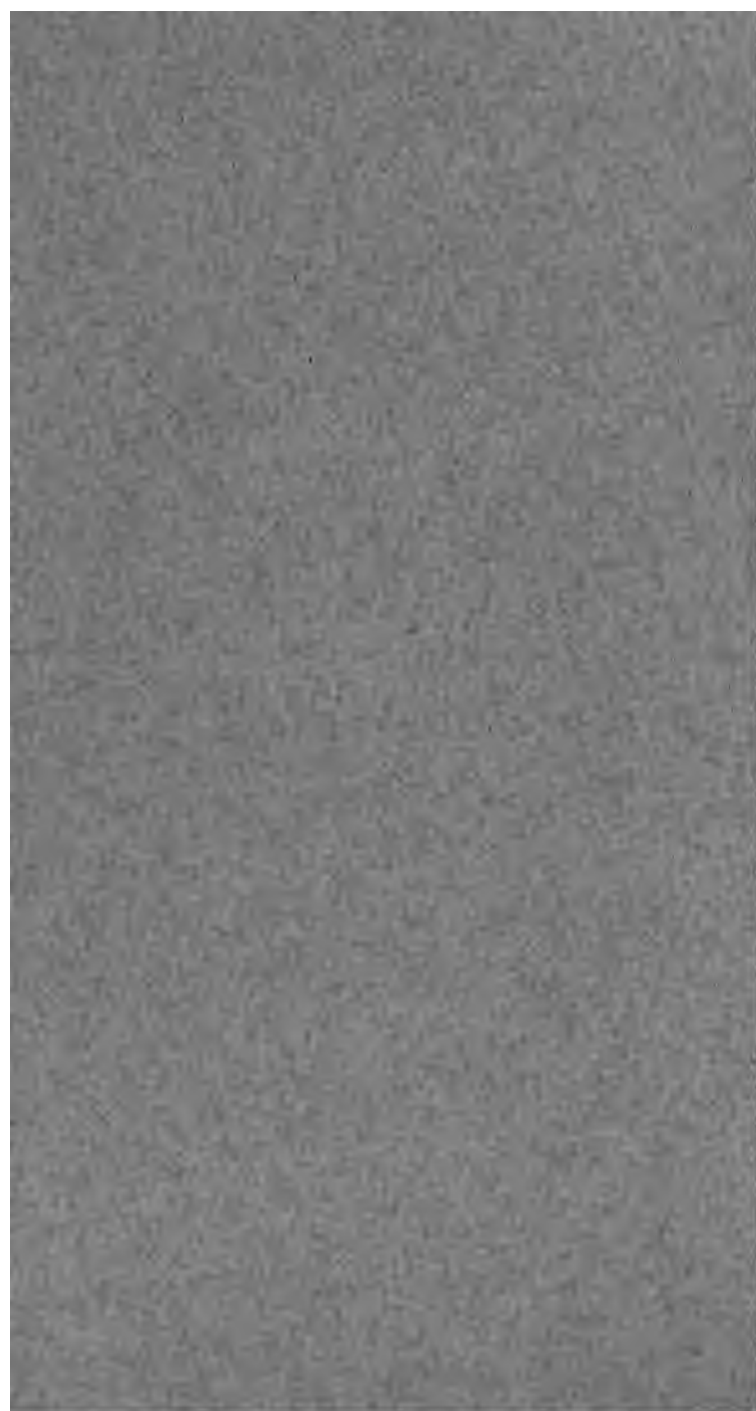
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The Boston Mother Goose . 1816

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THE BOSTON
MOTHER GOOSE

Published in aid of the Boston Allied Bazaar,
December, 1916



BOSTON
GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
1916

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*Rev. John W. Cushman
Boston*

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BY

ARLO BATES

BOSTON, MASS.

**THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
DEDICATED TO
LITTLE MANDON
BY A GRANDFATHER OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER**



The zany in the market-place
Must play his rôle, forsooth,
In wild grimace distort his face,
With caper most uncouth;

Though under all an aching heart
The wretched man may bear;
His tawdry art there in the mart
May play in stark despair.

So when herein the fool I play,
Deep under lies the pain.
Not to be gay, but that I may
For woe some pittance gain.

THE BOSTON MOTHER GOOSE.

When women's throats,
Through yells for votes,
Can croon no lullabies;
When men must mend,
The babies tend,
And make the bread and pies;

For quaint gay rhymes
In those weird times,
Mothers will have no use;
Fathers to keep
Their babes asleep
Will sing this Mother Goose!

I.

THE LANDMARKS.

The Boston landmarks, men agree,
Are sights all travellers should see;
And so to see them, every year,
The travellers come from far and near.

The State House makes a glorious show,
Where fiery bulbs shine row on row,
As they would never stop;
But sometimes one might like to know
Whether the statesmen down below
Are also light a-top.

Oh, help! Alas! Alackaday!
What steps are there we *can* take?
A tower's stepped on the Custom House,
And squashed it flat as a pancake!

The State House long has single been
For all its grace and charm;
The State House now is Mormon seen,
With a wife on either arm.

A hip and a hop and a hippetty-clidge,
And that is the shabby old Harvard Bridge.

Roly-poly the Boston Stone!
Once in Boston well was it known.
Over the ocean it rolled its way,
Served as a landmark for many a day;

Now it is built in a down-town wall.
Who among you has seen it at all?

Ten tribes were lost;
Some hoped to find them one day.
The Esplanade was built;
And there they were on Sunday.

To market! To market! We'll go down to Faneuil.
Home again! Home again! Back through the tunnel.

The lion and the unicorn
On the Old State House stood,
Till certain silly people
Debated if they should.

The lion and the unicorn
Together went away;
The lion and the unicorn
Came back another day.

They once used Boston Common
To hang the witches there;
But witches got so plenty
That they dropped it in despair.

The people in the Old Folks' Home,
The Athenaeum named,

They never wish abroad to roam,
They are completely tamed.
And if they chance restless to get,
And life seems rather slow,
They watch, to take away all fret,
The graveyard down below.

The Somerset 's a noble club; of that there is no
doubt.
The Common in the windows looks, the uncommon
look out.

To Boston Common, row on row,
Anciently honorable, the troopers go;
And when they are assembled there,
They fire the Governor into a chair.
But common folk hold the Common dear
Because they flock together here,
Whenever holidays come round,
To strew old papers on the ground.
So the next morning it is seen
To be both "Common and unclean."

II.
THE STREETS.

On Beacon Hill the Brahmins dwell,
And visitors with reverence tell
How Culture trickles, rill on rill,
As it would all the gutters fill.

When Boston planned her streets, she laid
The ends of two together;
And thus adroit provision made
To suit all tastes in weather.
For when one walks up Summer Street
Winter awaits the comer;
While if down Winter step one's feet,
He plunges into Summer.

The Garden guards the Avenue
From contact with the Common;
The two things common there are wealth
And statues one 'd drop bomb on.

When ships come o'er the ocean blue,
The patient wharves in waiting stand
Along Atlantic Avenue,
Nuzzling black noses on the land.

On Harrison Avenue, Ah Ting Tang,
And Hi Chung Lung, and Ho King Kang,
And Ha Hang Wang, and Hu Hong Kong,
And Sam Tee Hee, and Suey Tong,
And a lot beside, by the way abide,
Like broken china on every side.

In Salem Street on all the stores
The signs appear like music-scores ;
And noses curve in such a way
That "Holy Moses!" each seems to say.

On the wrong side of Beacon Hill,
The colored gather with a will ;
And Joy Street so was called, they say,
From shouts of pickaninnies at play.

No Boston architect can ever idle be,
For when he has a day to spare,
He must on fresh design work steadily
For rearranging Copley Square.

Hey diddle-diddle, a mall in the middle,
The Avenue stretches proud ;
The babies there gather
In sunshiny weather,
The jolliest prettiest crowd.

If you would know concrete respectability,
With just a savor of antique gentility,
Just go some afternoon to take the air,
And walk about Louisburg Square.

III.
THE CHURCHES.

On Salem Street a steeple stands
Whose story 's known in many lands;
For there the lanterns flashed out clear
Their message to bold Paul Revere.

The Holy Trumpeters they sound
With none awake to hear;
But sometimes in a dream profound,
Men know their music clear.

O Holy Moses and world of sin!
If Tremont Temple you enter in,
You'll find the architecture worst
Was ever devised since Adam was cursed.

If you grave dignity would spy,
Just on King's Chapel cast an eye.

Said the saints in a row to the statue below:
"What has happened your anger to rouse?"
"It would anger a saint!" came back the complaint;
"They have stolen the half of my house!"

Said the New Old South to the Old Old South:
"I am handsomer far than you!"
Said the Old Old South to the New Old South:
"That depends on the point of view."

In the Spiritual Temple
The ghosts gave matinées,
Till men found how much better
The Pickford movie pays.

The bells of the Advent
They made such a clatter
The pigeons all went
To see what was the matter,—
Such a tintinnabulation,
Such clangors and such swells,
Jingle-jangled from their station
Those most voluble of bells.
So on the roof the pigeons settled,
And there their feathers preened and fettled.
Outside the Advent is not high;
But if one goes within—oh, my!

The church on Park Street corner stands
Is a receptacle for brands
Plucked from the brimstone fires that flame
In that dread place one does not name.

When churches die in Boston,
To theatres they are turned;
To have a chance at gaiety
Is the reward they've earned.

Says Arlington Church: "Hear, all ye people!
You see these urns up on my steeple;
They are full of virtue's holy oil,
Put up high to keep cool, so it may not spoil."

IV.
THE STATUES.

1

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The Maid in the Mist
She has worn out her wrist
Holding her petticoats high;
Soon it will be shocking
To see folk come flocking
When she's dropped them, and lets them lie!

The angel on the monument
For Crispus Attucks named,
Frantic, on its escape is bent;
For which it can't be blamed.

Sops and sugar candy,
Dancing-master handy,
Franklin by the City Hall
With his legs so bandy,
Like a jack-a-dandy.

Science and Art their blankets took,
And they took thick blankets too;
And sat down each in a granite nook,
On the Library steps in view.

"But why those weighty blankets?" cry
The passers great and small.
Said they: "To keep our scalp-locks dry,
If rain should chance to fall."

"Come buy! Come buy!" calls Phillips,
To passers on Boylston Street.
"Buy chains French-made,
For a better trade
You never may chance to meet."

If the eagle on the tooth-pick,
Down in Post Office Square
Changed places with the eagle
On the Beacon,—I declare,
That were a weird phenomenon
To make good people stare.

Was he in truth excusable
Who made the Banks of brass?
A sarcasm so obvious
Could not unnoticed pass.

In his chair on the Avenue Garrison sits,
While many a sparrow around him flits;
And the more they twitter, the more frets he,
Who talked through life incessantly,
That now forever he dumb must be.

Leif Ericson, dressed for a fancy ball,
Is trying on a pose, his face turned west,
Which he believes, if taken in the hall,
Will show his hired costume at its best.
While the telescoped boat down under his feet
Shows how well he is able to make both ends
meet.

The Good Samaritan means well,
First aid for injured giving;
But the result one hates to tell,
If the hurt man were living.
Since he has had no proper training,
Wide open he the wound is straining.

Says Hamilton: "This place is cold,
And much exposed to storm,
So I have brought my bedclothes here,
To keep me rear-ly warm.
For much my dignity 't would tease,
To have my granite nostrils sneeze."

Called the Devens statue across to the Banks:
"There's little in ugliness us outranks."
Quick back the cheerful answer came:
"No matter; we got here just the same!"

Oh, the sculptors tell their children,
If they're very, very bad,
They had better mend their manners
Or their future will be sad.
They may grow up to be pirates,
Thieves, or any kind of crooks;
Or,—far worse!—may make a statue
Bad as that of Phillips Brooks.

John Glover, enraged to the tips of his toeses,
For a movie-film up on the Avenue poses;
In spite of his cannon and bullets of lead,
Some rascal has stolen the hat from his head!

Gay go up and sad go down,—
Viewing the statues of Boston town:
Statues of marble and bronze and lead,—
Would that the most were of snow instead!

V.

A BOSTON ALPHABET.

1

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- A** is Sam Adams in Adams Square,
 With such an I-don't-give-Adam air.
- B** is the Browning Club, known in the town
 As a place where the poet is done up so brown.
- C**'s Charles River Basin, most lovely of views
 When sunset and dusk mingle on it their hues.
- D** is the Dome of the State House, all gold,
 Marking the market where laws are sold.
- E**'s the Exchange, where whatever the weather
 The brokers all hasten to shout there together.
- F** is the Frog Pond, where Boston fads
 Are taken for baptism by their dads.
- G** is the Garden, where flowers are gay,
 And lovelier yet are the children at play.
- H** is the Harvard boy; his manners to spoil
 Is Boston society's unflagging toil.
- I** is a pronoun which ever to use
 The modest Bostonian is firm to refuse.
- J** is for Jobs. But the rest of this verse
 It would give in high quarters offence to rehearse.
- K**'s Boston Kultur, as it would be
 If German dominion had crossed the sea.
- L** is the Library, on whose scutcheon boldly
 Two little boys stand without nighties so coldly.

M's the Museum; Back Bay's of it proud;
 And North End Italians go there in a crowd.
N's the North End, once there dwelt aristocracy;
 Now 'tis the home of the foreign democracy.
O is Old South, saved by action concerted,
 When by its children the shrine was deserted.
P is for Parks, lovely laid on each side,
 Matchless they stretch, Boston's glory and pride.
Q is the line waiting long to get in
 When the Rehearsals on Friday begin.
R is Rehearsal; as all are aware
 Better are heard than concerts elsewhere.
S is the Subway, when one in it goes,
 Where one will come out again nobody knows.
T is Trimountain; don't ask where it stands,
 For its top was dug off to fill in Back Bay lands.
U is the Union Club, where portly gentlemen
 Eat, smoke, and talk of nothing,—then do it all again.
V's Veneration the Boston man knows
 Whenever a mirror his face to him shows.
W's for Washington, riding so grand
 Adown through the Garden with air of command.
X is Expenses, a fungus that all
 Know grows most rankly inside City Hall.

Y is for Yawns the Bostonian suppresses
Feigning to like transcendental addresses.

Z is for Zig-zag, which old Boston ways
Make to fool strangers in tortuous maze.

VI.
ET CETERA.

High jinks and jinks low
How the ginko trees do grow,
In the Public Garden fair
Lifting in the summer air
Boughs like garlands rich and rare.
For some dream of eastern passion
Seems their fluted leaves to fashion,
As some wizardry each tree
Compassed in its mystery.
And when Autumn comes to scold
With its winds so bleak and cold,
Then with talismans of gold,
All the ground they cover well;—
Shaped as for some orient spell
Cunningly by magian wrought
With dread words all magic-fraught,
Planned and shaped in wizard's cell,
So to foil the evil schemes
Which the bitter Autumn dreams.

Whatever thing can't be found out,
The Oneday Club must talk about;
All questions having no replies
Are precious in its members' eyes.
Of certainty the glim they douse,
Of great ideas the clearing-house.
The isness of the ain't
And becauseness of the why
To them are just as easy
As to swat a noxious fly;
They play with words like tennis-balls,
And find it stunning fun;

And there's nothing, nothing like it
Beneath the searching sun.

Once 'Boston Notions' were knicks and knacks,
Knives and razors, and pins and tacks;
Now they are creeds, and cranks, and views,
And mixed religions where each may choose;
Strange-isms and philanthropies,
And mushroom ethic theories.
Crops may flourish, or crops may fail,
Feast or famine may here prevail,
Weather be sunshine, rain, or hail;
But the crop of fads in Boston Town
Will never be done till the place falls down.

The whirling Hub goes round and round;
It need not go ahead:
For through a wide circumference
Its moving force is spread.

Hi-diddle-diddle! The men who can fiddle
All to the Symphony come;
But when they get there they only can stare
At THE MAN WITH THE KETTLEDRUM!

The good policeman, brave and grand,
Stands in the street and waves his hand.
Now he says: "Stay!" and now says: "Go!"
And then, the first thing that you know,
He says them both, and with a smash
The autos come together—crash!

As I was going up Beacon Hill,
Beacon Hill—was not clean;
And there I met a Back Bay miss,
As pretty as a queen.

I said: "Orion's shining bright."
She answered, smiling sweet,
"Because, you know, it's owned by right
By our dear Beacon Street."

Oh, Charon's Barge, one summer night,
Crammed full of Faculty,
Sailed into darkness out of sight,
And vanished utterly.

Then Charon's Barge an empty shell,
White on the Basin see,
Until at last they sold the sell,
A house-boat for to be.

But then this boat so very dear
Could not such doom abide;
And so one day in autumn drear
Committed suicide.

The codfish up on Beacon Hill
Keeps watch o'er the Speaker's chair;
The grasshopper down on Faneuil Hall
Swings lightly in the air.
Should that codfish that grasshopper gulp,
Good gracious, the row there would be!
For people would cry: "Oh, my! Oh, my!
What a shell-fish cod is he!"

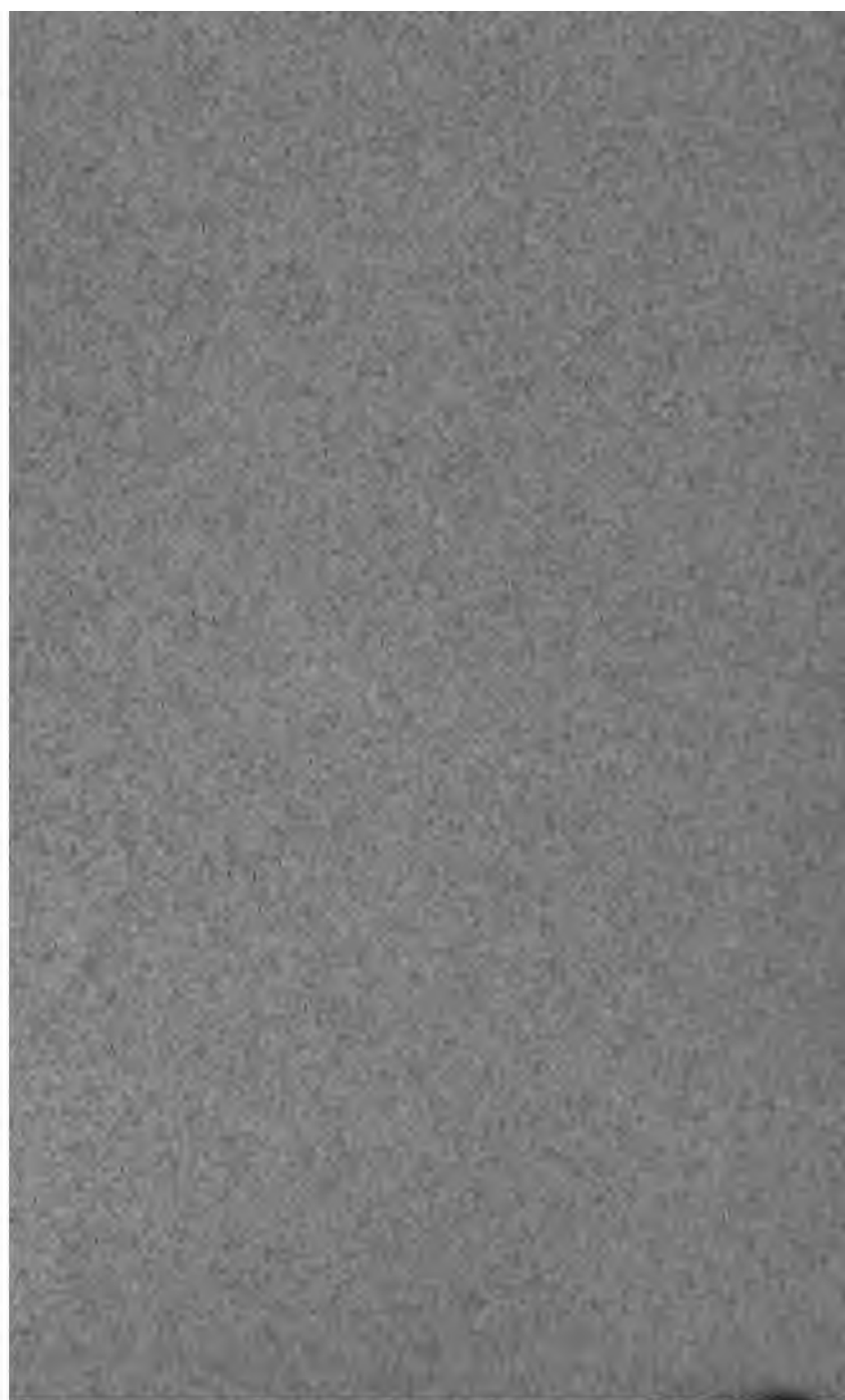
A club, 'a club, and a very swell club,
In a very swell house of tone;
And a consciousness of its swellness swells
A swell in the front of stone.

The Boston child on Browning feeds,
He talks Theosophy and creeds;
He prattles of the Soul of Things,
And scorns the levity of kings.
His spectacles' refulgent glare
Fills common mortals with despair;
He never's young and never ages.
Within the comic papers' pages
He in immortal sameness stays,
And out of them he never strays.

Symphony Hall the people seek
Twice at the end of every week;
And there, with plaster gods to view,
They read their programmes through and through;
And since advertisements are dry,
Musicians to divert them try.

It is ever the fashion of men at the Hub,
When they're tired or bored, to kill Time with a
Club.

Rub-a-dub-dub! A dome like a tub,
And four squashed pyramids near;
An acre of factory-lines all refractory,
Making a mixture most queer;
Inside to pass the building round
The only way is underground.
If Tech to move made up her mind,
Why leave her architects behind?





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